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02x14 - The Dangers of Sex and Drugs

by **bunniefuu**

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[Dancing, dancing, dancing boys. Mostly naked dancing boys. Justin lets someone shove a dollar bill into his mouth. Staring at Justin from the bar are Brian, Emmett, Michael, and Ted.]

Michael: From high-school senior to go-go dancer in less than a year, it's gotta be a record.

Ted: Another success story from father Brian Kinney's home for runaway boys.

Emmett: And to think some people say he's doesn't make a good role model.

Ted: If I were Brian, I'd go crazy all of those boys paw my boyfriend.

Brian: [appear suddenly] I knew it must be true what they've said about music that demage your ear drums. I swear I heard you'd said if you were me?

Michael: C'mon, it gotta bother you a little bit. Everybody knows the only way you get to dance on the bar is if you left the boss blow you.

Brian: It's business.

Emmett: Getting head to get a head?

Brian: He's earning an honest living and not taking any handouts.

[Justin walks over.]

Justin: Check out how much money I make.

Brian: It's enough for the school.

Michael: Shouldn't the child didn't be home in bed?

Brian: It's a good idea.

Justin: I can't. I have to work until 2 AM.

Emmett: But sweety, you already look exhausted. Are you gonna keep it up?

Ted: Especially at home.

Justin: Don't worry.

[He's start making out with Brian. Gary comes up.]

Gary: I'm not paying you to make out with your boyfriend.

Justin: I'm on a break.

Gary: Break's over.

Brian: Relax. He's just keeping your customers happy.

Gary: It's business, Kinney. And that's not yours.

[Gary pulls Justin back into the crowd, rubbing Justin's head the entire time.]

Ted: What an as*h*le.

[Gary feeds Justin's nose some coke as Brian watches.]

[Stable. George guards Emmett in the stable.]

Emmett: Oh, did I ever mentioned that I have an irrational fear of any physical activity that doesn't take place in bed?

George: It's just backride. Don't be so sissy.

Emmett: Any other impossible requests?

George: Where is your sense of adventure?

Emmett: Right back in the cosy warm bed that I called out of to freeze my precious buns off to be with here with you.

George: Well, it's time you tried something daring, something new.

Emmett: Yeah, I'm perfectly happy with me boring little life right here in Pittsburgh.

George: Aren't you will travel? Go around the world?

Emmett: I believe we had this in bed last night.

George: I mean for real. When you are a little boy growing up in Haselhorst what did you're dreamed of?

Emmett: Getting out. What else?

George: What did you doin'?

Emmett: Well, Bluezy. It was the nearest airport.

George: And after that?

Emmett: I don't know. New York, Paris, Rome. Any place Audrey Hepburn never made a movie. And where the guys weren't sh*t kickers kicking the sh*t out of me. But I only got as far as Pittsburgh.

George: Well now you can go anywhere you want. The world is yours. And so is mine. Just say a word.

Emmett: The world is... mine.

[Liberty Diner. Ted, Emmett, Ben and Michael are sitting on a table.]

Michael: Around the world? The entire world?

Emmett: Yeah, Bora Bora, the Himalaya, the Serengeti. George say we could go for six months. A year.

Ted: A trip like that isn't just a vacation, it's a life experience.

Ben: There are so many place I'd love to go.

Michael: Like where?

Ben: China, Japan. Tibet for meditation.

Ted: I wanna go to Berlin, Amsterdam, Prague.

Ben: Great art, great history.

Ted: Great men.

Debbie: You don't have to leave Liberty Avenue for international cuisine. French toast, Belgian waffle, and a Spanish omelette for our little yet-setter.

[She's brought everybody's food except Ben's.]

Ben: Oh, Debbie.

Debbie: Yes, Ben?!

Ben: Sorry, but what is with me breakfast?

Debbie: Workin' on it. I have just so many hands.

Michael: It's just a crap. You always gets served last and when it's arrived it's cold.

Ben: Yeah, but I orders cereal.

[Michael gets up to talk to his mom.]

Michael: Ma!

Debbie: Yes, sweety?

Michael: What's goin' on, Ma?

Debbie: With what?

Michael: With what? About your way to t*rture Ben.

Debbie: Michael, it doesn't hop to when he order cereals.

Michael: It's more than that. You never say hello, you barely speak to him unless you have to...

Debbie: But forgive me if I'm not sitting down and chatting with him about current dance and a cup of tea. I have to be very busy. Weren't you noticed? Now, if you excuse me. I've got to get somebody his breakfast for Champions.

[Brian's loft. The alarm is going off; the clock says it's nine.]

Brian: Good morning, sunshine! [Brian's already dressed for work. Justin wrap himself with a blanket.] I thought you had a class.

Justin: I ditched it.

Brian: How you supposed to be doin your best work when you've up all night f*cking around?

Justin: I'm taking lessons from you. And I'm not f*cking around, I'm working.

Brian: Yeah, I saw your work. Your boss give you a line of coke. How do you supposed to putting yourself to school when you're geting so ham that you can't make it through the class.

Justin: $410 in one night.

Brian: For your tuition you don't have to worry about when they kick you out.

Justin: You sound like my father. f*ck off.

[Brian starts the alarm clock up again. He takes the blanket off Justin's body. Justin covers his head with a pillow as Brian leaves.]

[Diner. Debbie's happily chalking some specials on the chalkboard, popping her gum and smiling. Officer Horwarth comes in.]

Debbie: Break the case?

Det.Horvath: Nah, nothing yet.

Debbie: So, what do you doin' here?

Det.Horvath: It's a diner, isn't it? It's lunch time, isn't it?

Debbie: It's a little early, isn't it? So, what'll be?

Det.Horvath: Meatloaf sandwhich, beside fries. And you be with me goin' out tomorrow night.

Debbie: Yeah, the last item is not on the menu.

Det.Horvath: I though we could go out for a fancy coffee. You know, mocha frappulatte whatever the hell they called.

Debbie: Yeah, considering how much they step by poor like Busman's holiday.

Det.Horvath: But I would like to go out with you for a change.

Debbie: No thanks.

Det.Horvath: Was it no thanks not tomorrow or no thanks not ever?

Debbie: Just, no thanks. Hey, Horvath? You want some lemon bar for the road?

Det.Horvath: No thanks.

[Ted's farewell party to Fetch. Emmett's giving one last jerk-off to the world. Everyone from work is watching him stroke himself. Emmett pops just as Ted pops some champagne. Everyone's applauding and everybody's there.]

Ted: To Fetch Dixon, our big, big star. You're hard act to follow.

Emmett: I don't now what to say...

Ted: Good, then let's have some kick.

Emmett: However, even know I'm retiring from the buissiness I will always be grateful for my experience here and for Fetch Dixon...

Man#1: You're an inspiration to us all.

Emmett: An inspiration, wow, it's just lucky. The same thing could happen to you. You never know who's out there and watching, so never give up hope. One day your prince will come.

Brian: While Ted makes $19.95 for the first fifteen minutes.

Emmett: Oh, presents.

[Justin tries not to fall asleep.]

Brian: Working tonight?

Justin: Mmmh, 9 PM to 2 AM.

Brian: You can hardly keep your head up.

Justin: I'll be alright.

Brian: I'm sure Gary will make sure your fine.

[Justin gives him a look. Emmett holds up a product that's not called Dramamine]

Emmett: Dramamine.

Michael: It's for emotion singles.

Ted: And you'll take care of the sex." I don't get it.

Brian: Don't want me to give you the money, I loaned it to you.

Justin: I don't need your handouts.

Brian: It's not a handout, when you graduate you can pay me back.

Justin: No, thanks.

Brian: Why you are such a twat?

Justin: I'm not being a twat. I trying to look after myself. It's all I want for me.

Emmett: Dictionary of foreign phrases.

Ted: Now you can say "f*ck me faster" in Farsi.

Justin: You once told me that you want me to be the best h*m* I could possibly be. That doesn't include BMI.

Brian: Sometimes a man has to learn to accept help.

Emmett: "Here is a sexy underwear for your trip." [the box is empty] It's empty. [all laughs]

Ted: Exactly.

[Ted and Emmett clutch and hug for a long time. Then they tackle each other onto the come bed.]

[Debbie's house. Vic's reading the Personals section of the newspaper.]

Vic: White men, late forties looking for a fellow men. Pill me a grabe and I'll pill yours."

Debbie: Sounds perfect.

Vic: "HIV-negative only need apply."

Debbie: You find the right guy someday.

Vic: At my age, it'd better be someday soon.

Debbie: I don't want to hear that drap about your age. Emmett and George are happy. It only proves that love is possible no matter how old you are.

Vic: So what's your excuse?

Debbie: I doesn't have an excuse. Nor do I need one. Someone ask me out today.

Vic: You?

Debbie: Yes, me!

Vic: What I mean is, you live with f*gs. You work with f*gs. You haven't seen a straight man in years.

Debbie: What do you call this Detective?

Vic: The one who investigate in this case. He ask you?

Debbie: No, one other.

Vic: Holy sh*t. So, when you're goin'?

Debbie: I'm not.

Vic: You turned him down?

Debbie: He's not my type.

Vic: He's alive and he's got a d*ck. What more do you need?

Debbie: Someone who's not a h*m*?

Vic: Because he make a couple of craps? That doesn't mean he is a f*g hater just means he needs enlightening.

Debbie: So, you go out with him.

Vic: You're more his type. How long it's been since you've been on a date.

Debbie: How the f*ck do I know? 1992.

Vic: It must be so rusty it squeaks.

Debbie: I've been busy.

Vic: Do one what?

Debbie: Takin' care of you.

Vic: So, what's your excuse now?

Debbie: I already turned him down.

Vic: You're a women. Someone is out of practise. But you allowed to change your mind.

[Vic hands Debbie the phone.]

Vic: Go on. Just say yes!

[Debbie stares at the phone as we listen to the dial tone.]

[Emmet's flat. Close-up on bed springs creaking and jumping]

Emmett: Harder!

[Emmett and Michael clothed and shutting a suitcase.]

Emmett: Whew. I think I got all in there.

Michael: That's it.

Emmett: And now that I'm gone then you'll have the place all by yourself. You can hump and bump make made, passionally love with the top of your lungs without me who listen through the walls.

[There's a horn honking outside.]

Michael: It's the limo.

Emmett: C'mon up, Georgy! Got remember me not being such a shop girl. Or embarrass him worldwide.

Michael: Why would you embarrass him?

Emmett: Well, George is what we called refined. I and used to call a piece of trash. Someone like him would never assiciate with someone like me.

[Michael and Emmett struggle with Emmett's many, many bags.]

Michael: Look, you're not in Haselhorst anymore. And George doesn't feel like that way.

Emmett: I know. It's just more than I ever dreamed.

Michael: You deserves a fabulous life, Em, as fabulous as you.

[Knock at the door. It's George and his driver. George's decked out in the leather.]

Emmett: Well, hello dream date.

George: Have you packed? Oh, let me re-phrase that. Is there anything you haven't packed?

Michael: Have a great trip.

George: Thanks Michael.

Driver: I'll take that, sir.

Emmett: Well, I guess that's it. Make sure you told the assholes to fix the radiator. Oh, make sure you repains in spring? It's a promosing for two years. [both always cries.] OK. [they hug each other] I'm really gonna miss you.

George: You know, I hate to interrupt this but we got a plain to catch.

Emmett: I'll send you postcards from Rio and Beijing. Bye.

Michael: Bye.

[Babylon.]

Justin: It's just for the weekend, so that I could finished the project.

Gary: You don't understand something. This isn't a party, this is business. I need to contender that my employees that they do their jobs...

Justin: If I don't my professor said he's gonna fire me.

Gary: I feel for you, kiddie, really do.

Justin: Gary.

Gary: I tell you what. Just as ones I let you off.

Justin: Thanks. Gary.

Gary: But... I want you do me a little favor.

[Brian's loft. Justin's working at drawing. Brian leans in and kisses him. He takes a look at something Justin's printed out.]

Brian: That's not bad.

Justin: Thanks.

Brian: Well, where we could hang it?

Justin: Really?

Brian: Then you can tell everybody you're hung.

Justin: I already do.

Brian: How you got the night off?

Justin: I told the boss I had to finished the project.

Brian: It's that easy?

Justin: Mmmh, mmh. Totally.

[Brian stands up to light his cigarette]

Justin: In fact he said I can have the whole weekend if I does a gig at an after-hours party at his house.

Brian: For what?

Justin: He needs a pretty boy there for decoration.

Brian: Who else would be there?

Justin: Should I know? His friends?

Brian: I can imagine what his friends are. I guess who's party he has.

Justin: You don't know.

Brian: How you got to dance on the bar?

Justin: I let him blow me. Big deal.

Brian: I'll give you five thousand dollars.

Justin: For what?

Brian: For the drawing.

Justin: It's not for sale.

Brian: No. Just you.

[Debbie's house. Mel and Lindsay dress Debbie for her date.]

Mel: Don't open your eyes. I do mascara.

Debbie: I don't know about the Fussies about Horwarth. He knows how I look like.

Lindsay: It's not for Horwarth, it's for you.

Debbie: I know who I look like to.

Mel: OK, ready? Open it.

[They hold a mirror in front of her face.]

Debbie: Holy sh*t. I look nice.

Lindsay: Nice over nice. You look like a princess.

Debbie: Well, it's better'n lookin' like the Queen Mother!

[The doorbell rings. She takes the gum out of her mouth.]

Debbie: Christ, must be him.

Lindsay: Don't be nervous.

Debbie: I'm not nervous. I have everything under control.

Mel: Oh, the front door is that way.

Debbie: Oh, yeah.

[Debbie answers the door.]

Debbie: Hi.

Det.Horwarth: You look... You look like...

Debbie: Are the word you're searching for like a princess?
[Michael and Vic are walking down the street.]

Michael: Ben's so working on his book so I figured I come down here to dinner with you and mom.

Vic: You choose between his and you, forget it. She's dugger high heels.

Michael: I do want to try.

Vic: Not tonight. She's got a date.

Michael: With a men?

Vic: Of course with a men. Why should she be any different from us?

[Michael turns around and finally notices that his mother is just a few feet away, chattering with Whorebed.]

Michael: Is that him? The Detective?

Vic: Is the Detective not sexy?

Michael: But she said he's a real h*m*.

Debbie: Hi sweetheart. Carl, you remember my son Michael?

Det.Horvath: Sure.

Debbie: And my brother, Vic.

Det.Horvath: Vic.

Vic: Hi.

Det.Horvath: Michael, how you're doin'?

Michael: [cool] Fine.

Debbie: Well, we're off.

[Carl opens the car door for Debbie. Michael stomps into the house, brooding.]

[Airplane. First Class. Emmett orders everything he can from the flight attendant.]

Emmett: I have some of the brie, please and uh, oh the chocolate and the apple. And please don't

niggardly with the champagne.

George: You're eating since we took off.

Emmett: Well, it's my first time in first class. I wanna get sure you get your money's worth.

[They clink champagne glasses.]

Emmett: Listen.

George: What?

Emmett: If you very quiet you can almost hear the moos.

George: Who?

Emmett: The cattle back in Coach. You know, I used to be one of the herd, but now I'm on the other side of the curtain. It's a whole new world.

George: From now on, I hope the world will be a whole new world.

Emmett: It will be. 'Cause I'm with you.

George: Do you find it would be too tedious to tell you how marvelous you are. And how much it's mean to me.

Emmett: I would try to endure.

George: Nobody has ever given me such pleasure before, and I can't wait to make love in every destination.

Emmett: I wonder if there is a three thousand glory hole?

George: I wish we could do it right now.

Emmett: Why not? You haven't heard that there's such a thing as a Mile-High Club. You will go to the boys room first, then when no-one's looking I slip in.

[The rest he tells George in a whisper.]

George: OK.

[He unbuckles his seat belt, and walks off. Emmett waits long enough for an exhale before he's following George. Emmett enters the bathroom behind George. They giggle as they shut the bathroom door and mark it "Occupied."

[Lobsters. Fancy dinner.]

Debbie: Are you married or have children?

Carl: Yeah, two. Son Carl's, jr. He's in the air force. He is station in Germany. Here is a cup of his little ones.

Debbie: Very nice.

Carl: Here my daughter Vickie, named after her mother late soul. She is in Salt Lake and is a music teacher.

Debbie: Married?

Carl: Uh-huh, to a black guy.

Debbie: Oh?

Carl: Don't get the wrong idea.

Debbie: Did you hear me say a word?

Carl: He is nice enough. He is a lawyer, successful.

Debbie: But you don't like it.

Carl: I'm working on.

Debbie: I bet you are.

Carl: You had enough there?

Debbie: [sucks on a feeler] Mmmh, plenty.

Carl: I just don't get why she make her life more difficult. I tried talking to her.

Debbie: Yeah, but you can't dictate to your kids about how to live their live or who they love. The more you do, the worser gets.

Carl: Sounds like we're talking about personal experience here.

Debbie: My son's seeing someone who's HIV-positive.

Carl: Holy sh*t.

Debbie: That's what I said. I tried talking to him and but his head off.

Carl: I guess it's like you said. None of our business.

Debbie: I'm worried to, for my kid's life.

Carl: And them pretty one.

Debbie: Don't try to speak sweet talking to me.

Carl: Well, don't you take a compliment?

Debbie: Since it's so long I had one I wouldn't know what to do with it.

Carl: You save one like this.

[He take the lobster until it's soaked all over Debbie's chin and Carl has to clean her up.]

[Emmett's getting f*cked in the world's largest airplane bathroom. He's got his head slammed up against a wall as George ramming him from behind.]

George: Oh, it's tighten' here.

Emmett: Thank you.

[They're f*cking and it looks like George's either having an orgasm or an aneurysm.]

LA: Ladies and gentlemen, we're goin to turbulence...

Emmett: [to George] Them to?

LA: The captain turn on the overhead seatbells. Please take place on your seats.

Emmett: [to George] Sorry, my seats takin'.

[George doesn't look like he's doing so well. His face is all contorted and he's gasping. George starts wailing, grunting, and groaning.]

Emmett: Ssssh, the stewart hearing us.

[George screams in pain.]

Emmett: Sounds like a good one. You alright, George? [silence.] George? - George?

[Emmett realizes he's got a dead guy on his tail.]

Emmett: Oh my god... George. Somebody help us! George! SOMEBODY...US PLEASE!

[Debbie comes home happy as hell and a little drunk. Mikey's sitting on the couch, watching her.]

Debbie: Well, do you know? You waiting for me?

Michael: It's after midnight.

Debbie: Gotta grounded.

Michael: You're drunk.

Debbie: Only a couple of glasses wine and I had a very nice time. In case you're interested.

Michael: With that h*m* prick?

Debbie: He's not a h*m* prick.

Michael: OK, so now what is he?

Debbie: He's a fifty-five-year-old straight guy with fifty-five-year-old straight-guy attitudes who needs his eyes opened.

Michael: He's not the only one. For free meal and a little more attention you're willing to overlook all you believin'?

Debbie: You don't know him, Michael.

Michael: Either do you.

Debbie: Well, I'd like to. Well, if you can follow you're own advice that you seein' Ben. And mind your own f*ck' business! [he starts to leave] You know, I tried all my years that I raised you and looking for Uncle Vic and never takin' a minute for myself. And now, for the first time a guy ask me out and I can't even remember how long and you have a problem, instead being happy for me!

Michael: Happy for you so being desperate you go out with anyone?

[Debbie slaps Mikey across the face. He leaves.]

[Bar. Drugs. Green light. Justin's at his after-hours party. People leer at Justin as the music behind him sings, "Everyone's a prost*tute." Sex. Drugs. People touch Justin as he walks.]

Boy#1: Cool place, huh?

Justin: Yeah. Cool.

[He's quickly taken away to be f*ndled by party-goers. Gary walks up.]

Gary: You want one?

Justin: No, thanks.

Gary: C'mon, listen up and relax.

[Justin take it.]

Gary: Take your shirt off.

Justin: What for?

Gary: That's why you're here, remember?

Justin: Decoration.

Gary: That was the deal. [Justin take his shirt off.] That's better.

Man#1: You're little friend seems to need a little drink. We've offer him one.

Gary: Later. Let's go and chin.

[Justin watches another f*cked-up kid get slipped a roofie. Justin keeps smoking the joint.]

[Another bar.]

Ted: Michael's got Ben, you got Justin... and Emmett has George for Christ sakes. How come everyone has someone beside me?

Brian: The reason you don't have a boyfriend because you don't want one.

Ted: I know.

Brian: I had one. You challenge the world to be the yourself as the worthless sack of sh*t that nobody wants. Therefore you have guys who will reject you like a highschool b*tch. In fact you got exactly what you want.

Ted: Thank you Dr.Kinney, you save for me years of therapy, not to mention several thousand dollars.

[Michael storms in.]

Michael: She hit me! My mother f*cking hit me.

Ted: She's always hitting you.

Brian: Sounds like she shows her affection.

Michael: I mean for real.

Brian: What did Mikey do?

Michael: I don't want talk about it.

[Ted counts to three and points to Michael, who spills the story right away.]

Michael: I told here that she was pathetic for dating that f*g-hating cop.

Ted: She might have to take her honorary q*eer button away.

Michael: Were all her values and principles?

Brian: You know, when you want c*ck, they're the first things to go. C'mon, let's go out of here.

[Mikey's driving the drunk tank.]

Brian: Mikey is jealous!

Michael: Would you shut the f*ck up? What do you talking about?

Brian: [to Ted] You think she did it? You think she sliped in the big geezer?

Ted: How about some music?

[Ted turns on some loud music as Michael starts speeding.]

Brian: It's just you're jealous. All your life you're a little men, all the sudden the big old guy. You're angry, rather more to k*ll.

Ted: One more word outta you and I refer you out of the car, ok? Even if it's yours!

[Police sirens.]

Michael: sh*t! I've been pull over, f*ck!

Ted: You have anything on you?

Brian: Yeah, sixteen pounds of cocaine and twenty-four ounces of heroin.

Ted: There is no time to be funny!

Brian: It was paying for me.

[Ted turns off the music as Michael finally pulls over. The cop walks up to the car and knocks on the window. Michael rolls down the window.]

Cop: License and Registration, sir. [Michael give it to him] Are you the owner of the vihicle?

Michael: No, he is. [Michael points at drunk Brian.]

Brian: It's a wonderful evening isn't it, officier?

Cop: Are you aware you're speeding?

Michael: Oh, that must be why it felt we're was going so fast.

Ted: Michael!

Cop: You're doing sixty in a thirty MPH zone.

Michael: Oh, do you know a math! Get be the officer of jelly donut.

Cop: Excuse me, sir?

Michael: Look, don't you have anything useful to do? Like arrest a m*rder*r?

Ted: Jesus, what the hell are you doin'?

Cop: You have a problem with police officier, sir?

Brian: All he onces who date her mother.

Michael: Shut up, as*h*le! [to the officier] Just give me the g*dd*mn ticket.

Ted: [to himself] Oh, no, he's do it.

Cop: Got out of the car, sir.

Ted: Now, we're getting arrested.

Michael: What else, so you can worked me over?

Ted: Oh no, we go to jail.

Cop: You to, get the hands on the car.

Ted: What did we do?

Cop: I say out!

[Drunk Brian flops out of the car holding a bottle of booze]

Brian: I were more than happy to drive with these two gentlemen home.

[Justin does more drugs. Green light. Justin's feeling pretty good about now and starts dancing around. Gary and Co. are watching. Groups of naked boys f*ck nearby. Justin's enjoying the feeling of his head being on his body. The Drug Cam makes everything elongated and crooked. Gary brings over Justin's roofie.]

Gary: You kind of thirsty. Here, drink.

Justin: Thanks.

Gary: You haven't seen my place? C'mon, I show you around.

[The drug camera is strapped to Justin as he walks into another room. People are touching Justin, and Gary shows Justin another kid getting g*ng-f*cked.]

Gary: Looks like he has a good time. You ever been on the sling? You love it. C'mon, let's do a try.

Justin: I don't... I don't want to. I don't want to.

[They don't listen, so Justin kicks Gary in the face. He busts a cap and screams at Justin.]

Gary: You not to bother coming back to work!

[First Class Section.]

Man: It appears that the gentleman have suffered a massive myocardial infarction -- a heart attack brought on by over-exertion.

Emmett: Thank you, doctor. I'm lucky we have a heart specialist on board.

Man: Actually I'm doctor of economics. But the same things happening with my uncle. What a way to go.

[He leaves.]

Steward: Is there anything I can get you?

Emmett: A drink? I could really use a drink.

Steward: Over ice?

Emmett: It won't be necessary. Thanks.

[He take a tiny bottle.]

Emmett: Do you mind if I stay up here and leave him alone.

Steward: Make yourself comfortable. If you just need anything just order. I'll...fetch it for you.

[Emmett sits next to George's body.]

Emmett: Hear that, George? He recognize me. I guess started some business has advantage. So, here we are, honey. Flying around somewhere between Heaven and Earth. Lost in the stars.

[Jail.]

Ted: I'm so disappointed.

Michael: I know. I f*cked up!

Ted: I mean that. [he's looking to the cell beside them.] All the porno flicks I've seen that takes place in prison they show these hot criminal types and heavy man-on-man action. Nothing like this.

Homless guy: And you aren't exactly that type what I was hoping for either.

Brian: I wonder who I have to blow around here to get a triple nonfat latte. [A Cop enters] If you say so.

[Detective Carl Horvath enters.]

Carl: OK, gentleman, free to go.

[Ted runs out of there.]

Ted: [to Horvath] Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Brian: [to the cop] You're housekeeping stuff deserve a trashing.

[Michael goes outside, without one word.]

Carl: A word? [Michael stops] If you had a problem talk to me about it instead of taking it out on the officier who pulled you over.

Michael: You're a h*m* bigot and I want you to stay away from my mother.

Carl: Thanks for being honest, may I be the same? I just don't hate gays, I just don't get it. But then you can say the same thing about me. So we are even. As for your mother: She is a very nice lady. Big heart, big personality, big mouth. Call me crazy, but I like that. And she sure as hell loves you. You had pay your speeding ticket at the front desk. There's no record of the night in jail for anybody.

Michael: [he goes away and then he turns around] Thanks.

[Diner. Debbie's busy. Ben and Michael are sitting on the bar.]

Michael: Mother. Mom!

Debbie: Yes?

Michael: Can we order please?

Debbie: You look like sh*t.

Michael: Thank you.

Debbie: What do you want?

Michael: Two eggs over bacon, a raising toast and to say I'm sorry.

Debbie: [to Ben] What about you?

Ben: Uh, Wheaties.

Michael: Mom, did you hear what I'm gonna said?

Debbie: Two eggs over bacon, raising toast.

Michael: I meant the sorry part. I'm said I'm sorry.

Debbie: Like you order something from the menu and expect me to serve you a open forgiveness you plate. Just like that?

Ben: I think I should leave and let you two work this out.

Michael: Stay. I had no right to judge Detective Horvath without knowing him. And I had no rights to say things to you I've said. You entitled to date with whoever you want.

Debbie: You g*dd*mn right I am.

Michael: Right. But then, so am I.

Debbie: [long pause] You're cereales coming right up, Ben.

Ben: Thank you.

[Justin's at home, using his left hand to cradle his right. Brian walks in.]

Justin: What happen to you last night?

Brian: Don't ask.

Justin: We have an arrangement.

Brian: Home by three or my ba*ls turned to pumpkins. Believe me, you don't miss a thing. How was the party?

Justin: Oh, incredibly tedious. I left early.

Brian: They except this like that.

Justin: f*ck them! Anyway I quit. I decided that working all night and going to school the other day isn't productive. I need to priorities.

[Brian takes all of his clothes off and gets into bed.]

Justin: I need to concentrate of my art. So, I like to take your offer if it still stands.

[Brian looks under his decke cover.]

Brian: It still stands.

Justin: We should discusted the terms of this and my paying back schedule. And we should something arranged.

Brian: Of course. So, what have you made to change your mind?

Justin: A man needs to know when to ask for help.

[Justin turns Brian over and kisses him. Brian pulls down Justin's pants. Justin grabs the condom from Brian's hand and stares at him. They share a look. Justin unwraps the condom, puts it on himself, and starts to roll Brian over. Justin gives Brian a soothing kiss, then finishes rolling him over to f*ck his brains out.]

END OF EPISODE

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